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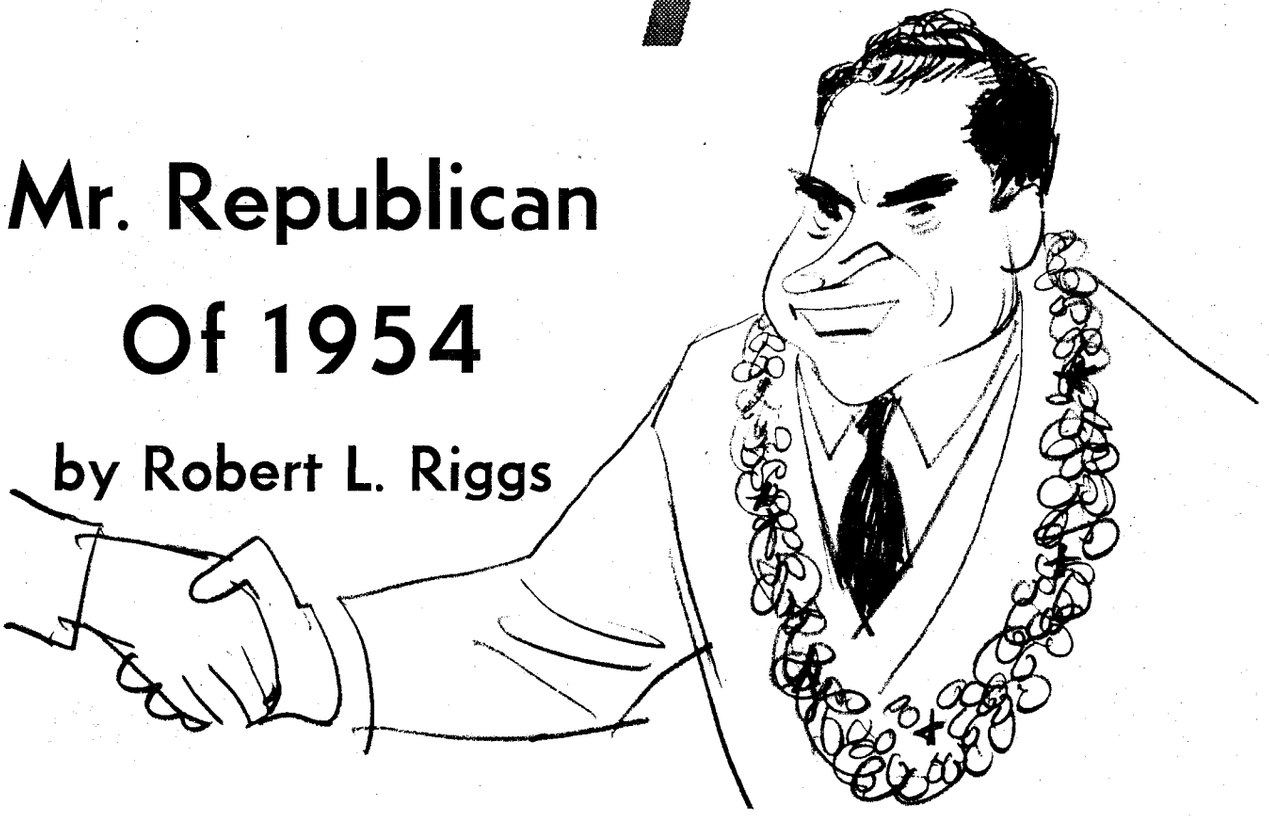
Gerald W. Johnson: Dogs

New Republic



Mr. Republican Of 1954

by Robert L. Riggs

Arthur Koestler's Story . . **Reinhold Niebuhr**

The Capital Keeps Calm . . **Walter Goodman**

How Will Kansas Vote? . . . . **Kenneth Davis**

Treason of the People . . . . . **Leslie Fiedler**

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T. R. B.

★

Washington Wire

The Charlie Wilson, man-bites-dog incident is silly, save as a symbol. The symbol is that the Eisenhower Administration is made up of tongue-tied tycoons who start stuttering when they talk about the Common Man. "We're here in the saddle as an Administration representing business and industry," Secretary of Interior McKay boasted to the US Chamber of Commerce back on April 29, 1953. With an assist or two from Wilson a lot of voters can understand this who can't understand the Dixon-Yates contract.

The last fortnight of a political campaign is designed to raise blood pressure; everybody has decided how to vote, the problem is to get them to vote. That is the stage now. Perversely enough, we find ourself distracted by quite extraneous matters. We are delighted to note, for example, that good old Charlie Wilson got the tabooed word "fanny" on the front pages of the austere *New York Times*. "Fanny," you see, is one of those words. So when a high-toned Republican like Wilson used it, the Associated Press and United Press cleaned it up for him. It didn't appear in the initial accounts in any New York, Baltimore or Washington papers: substituted for "fanny" was "haunches," which is what the "bird dogs" were supposed to have sat on. When the verbatim Wilson transcript was played back the correct text had to be sent out.

Personally, we can't see why an ex-head of General Motors shouldn't be allowed to talk like other people. We admit to a weakness for such items. Dressmakers, we discovered recently, have a magnificent locution applied to a woman's skirt disordered by too much sitting—they call it "butt-sprung." Now and always we shall regard this as a splendid Americanism.

We noted above that the Dixon-Yates contract is hard to understand. This contract has been one of the most clearly guarded Administration secrets. On Oct. 12, however, the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* published the essence of the contract and the *New York Times* confirmed it four days later. Key point is that it gives the huge multi-billion dollar Southern utility combine "a virtual risk-free guarantee of earning 9 percent on invested capital of $5.5 million." Harry Truman, at Kansas City, called this "a public subsidy, at public expense, of a private monopoly." The most remarkable thing about the matter is the implied Administration argument that the contract saves money because private industry, and not the Treasury, puts up $100 million to build the power plant. Put in simple language this means that the taxpayers "save money" by renting something rather than by buying it.

Out at Los Angeles last week Richard Nixon advanced this theory. From our viewpoint this is carrying prejudice against public ownership into the field of mysticism. The real test of public v. private power, like that of buying v. renting, is—to our way of thinking—in the specific circumstance. Sometimes a man would do better to rent rather than buy a house say; but it is doubtful if he would be happy if he rented his false teeth. The crux of the Administration defense of its Dixon-Yates contract, however, is that government rental is good, per se, and in all cases. This curious fiscal fallacy appears again and again in Treasury thinking. The budget "stays in the black," it is theorized, by letting Wall Street put up the necessary capital and then by hiring the use of the product thus created even at costs ultimately double public investment. What this really means is that the Administration is so biased against any kind of public ownership that it can't think straight.

One of the things that really scares us is the Justice Department's thesis in the Owen Lattimore case. Lattimore testified 12 days before a Senate Committee and, as a sequel, the Justice Department charged him with lying under oath when he denied being a "sympathizer and promoter of Communism and Communist interests." Federal Judge Luther Youngdahl threw out this charge as being preposterously vague and the Court of Appeals sustained him. How do you define being a "sympathizer"? Now US Attorney Leo Rover has secured a new two-count indictment charging Lattimore with falsely denying that he had "followed the Communist line in public and private statements." A mass of Lattimore's writings are introduced to show that he followed the Communist "line." The question is whether the word "follower" is any more susceptible to legal proof than "sympathizer." This column doesn't necessarily support Professor Lattimore's views. But if a man can be convicted by this new mechanism, then hardly any of us are safe unless we take the position that anything Moscow favors we are automatically against. If Moscow says it wants peace, we must be for war or risk jail. On top of all this Rover has the gall to ask Youngdahl (a former Republican governor of Minnesota) to disqualify himself on the ground of "personal bias and prejudice," and Attorney General Brownell supports Rover. Sometimes we think a Democratic victory will be a good thing after all.

It's nice to have Ike back here at his winter White House. In his absence the Civil Service has charged that 1,743 government workers, in whose files there is "derogatory" information connected with subversion, have quit their jobs. After eight weeks of happy freedom Ike may now have another press conference. He will get some embarrassing questions. Has a single Communist been found among the so-called security risks? Not one has yet been named. The fact is, the so-called "derogatory information" in these cases may be malicious gossip or rumor. Let us say that the unfortunate government worker is suspended; if so it is without pay. He is told he may fight the case—at his own expense. His salary stops just when he is asked if he wants to engage in an expensive hearing lasting perhaps a year. If he quits without a fight, he is told, the incident will be hushed up. Most quit. It is hard to think of a more unjust or un-Christian procedure; but it has, of course, the big advantage of supporting the GOP thesis that there are lots of subversives among government workers.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

London: First Step Toward European Unity

THE Final Act of the London Conference was badly named—it was a beginning, not an end. Agreement was reached only because certain crucial problems were set aside with the understanding that they would be studied in committee, reported on and decided later. So on October 20, the foreign ministers of the Big Four meet to accept a final formula for restoring full sovereignty to West Germany; then these four will join on October 21 the five other foreign ministers who signed at London, in an effort to work out the precise Western European Union plan they will submit to their respective parliaments; and on October 22, the full North Atlantic Council will decide the basis upon which West Germany will be admitted to NATO. Only then will the struggle for parliamentary approval begin.

Since the end of the London Conference, the job in Europe has been to discover a formula for German-French co-existence—without which a Western European Union is impossible. That formula must be acceptable to all the nations in the Union and, if the Union is to last, contain whatever is needed eventually to transform co-existence into co-operation. Contrary to the impression conveyed by the daily press, then, the real work of European unity was not terminated at London. Nor were the subsequent efforts of French Premier Mendès-France to obtain an agreement with Germany on the Saar, and with the other members of the Union on a method for controlling the European armament industry and the distribution of American aid, merely a last-ditch attempt to re-open already settled questions. For although the London Conference decided that Germany should be sovereign and armed under conditions making it unlikely that she could militarily dominate Europe, it postponed considering safeguards against German economic domination of Europe. And today it is precisely in the economic area that Germany is feared in Europe.

Germany already is the strongest economic power in Europe. The government-approved trend toward recartelization (see p. 5) will place her competitors at an increasingly severe disadvantage. Mendès-France made agreement on the Saar—since World War II, economically tied to France—a pre-condition to final agreement on Germany because France could never successfully compete against the combined industrial production of Germany and the Saar.

And since, today, a nation's arms industry includes almost its entire industrial plant, Mendès-France has urged that some provision be made to assure that Europe's joint efforts to build up military strength do not give one nation economic domination of the continent. The arms-control provisions agreed to in London are supervisory only, so Mendès-France has asked that some agency be given real authority to allocate contracts, distribute raw materials, etc. His plan has been opposed both because of its complexity and because the US wishes to maintain firm control over what it sends to Europe. And it is a fact that the smaller nations of Europe, as well as Britain, do not really want Franco-German hostility to be resolved to the point where the production capacity and the skills of those two nations would be combined—although nothing could provide greater impetus to the eventual complete economic integration of Europe.

If the conferences this week are to produce agreements which all the parliaments concerned can approve, there will have to be compromise all along the line: Germany's political aspirations in the Saar will have to be somewhat satisfied as well as France's economic ones, and some assurance given the French parliament that the US tendency to prefer Germany in all things will not create an economic giant. But the issues isolated by Mendès-France are the basic ones. Europe will never be united and strong if one of its parts threatens to engulf the others either militarily or economically. Since the North Atlantic Treaty was signed on April 4, 1949, Europe has moved a long way along the road of military integration, but the way will never be solid underfoot until economic integration becomes a reality.

What was wrong with Charlie's crack about dogs?

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As Alaska Goes

SHORTLY after the Alaska primary in April, Louis Bean addressed the Women's National Democratic Club in Washington. On that occasion he indicated that he had a "secret formula" for guessing the national elections in November. We have now succeeded in prying some of that formula out of him and present the pertinent data herewith. The Alaska primary in April was 80 percent Democratic compared with only 54 percent Democratic in 1952, but approximately as Democratic as in 1944 and 1948. This indicated, according to Louis Bean, that Bartlett would be re-elected as delegate to the national Congress by 75 to 80 percent and there would be an overturn in the control of the lower house of the Alaska legislature and probably also the Senate with the Democrats taking 20 of the 24 seats compared with only 4 in 1952:

	1944	1948	1952	1954
April				
Alaska Primary (Percentage Democratic)	78	80	54	80
October				
Vote for Delegate Bartlett (Percentage Democratic)	66	79	54	75-80
Alaska Legislature (Number of Democratic House Seats)	20	19	4	20
November				
US Congress (Number of Democratic House Seats)	243	263	214	(Prediction) 253

These results for Alaska, Bean predicts, hold a similar prospect for the National election this November. An 80-percent Democratic primary in Alaska and a 75-80-percent vote for the Alaskan delegate pointed to a Democratic gain in the national Congress of around 40 seats.

As of October 18, the incomplete results from Alaska show Bartlett received a vote of better than 3 to 1 and that Democrats had won at least 20 seats. We note that Louis Bean's scientific fingers are crossed as usual on predictions based on historical analyses which do not allow for last-minute events.

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The Dixon-Yates Contract

TWO DAYS after the November election the Eisenhower Administration intends to set in motion the Congressional hearings that will drive the Dixon-Yates contract through. Meanwhile, despite the Administration's efforts to keep them secret, the terms of the contract have become known.

Under the contract, the federal government guarantees the Dixon-Yates syndicate a minimum net return of $493,000 a year for 25 years. This amounts to a 9-percent return on the $5.5 million investment the syndicate plans to make in the West Memphis steam plant—total cost of which is estimated to be $107,750,000.

By the terms of the contract, all possible risks are eliminated for Dixon-Yates. If construction costs run higher than anticipated, the government will pay $28,025 more each year on each $1 million of unforeseen expense. In the same way increases in operating costs are provided for in advance. The government will pay $3,500 a month more in fuel bills for every one-cent increase in the costs of one million British thermal units of coal. It will pay $4,000 a month more in "emergency charges" every time the Bureau of Labor Statistics' index of hourly earnings of utility workers rises by four cents, regardless of whether the Dixon-Yates workers get the increase or not. If state and local taxes rise then, the contract provides that the government will reimburse these tax costs in full. And if federal corporate income taxes rise, the government will make up enough to preserve for Dixon-Yates its return of 9 percent.

Under the terms of the Gore Amendment to the Atomic Energy law, the Senate forbade the Atomic Energy Commission to make direct reimbursements to private corporations for federal income taxes. Consequently no mention of such payments is made in the proposed contract. Instead its authors appear to have concealed the reimbursement for federal taxes in the "capacity" charge which is raised from $8,875,000 to $9,052,000.

A 106-page summary, prepared by the AEC, advances the claim that this, ninth draft of the contract, secures major gains for the government over earlier versions. No such gains are apparent in the present draft, which proposes annual charges

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on the government only $35,800 less than those suggested by Dixon and Yates in their first plan of April 10. The Federal Power Commission has passed on the contract and finds it reasonable. The Securities and Exchange Commission seems likely to sanction the syndicate put together from the Dixon and Yates holding companies. The opponents of the contract are preparing for a long struggle, however, and it seems doubtful that the schedule set by Strauss for his steam plant will be met.

The German Cartel

WHEN West Germany is once again a sovereign nation, as promised at the London Conference, it seems certain that the vast industrial, commercial and banking trusts upon which Hitler built his power again will flourish. Allied efforts, beginning with the Decartelization Law of 1947, to dissolve these empires permanently have failed.

The 1947 law made illegal some 65,000 competition-limiting arrangements then in effect. But exemptions, at first seemingly insignificant, allowing various kinds of industry-wide regulations were granted very early. As each precedent was established, new requests for still broader powers were made by German industrialists, and allowed. By 1953, the soap-manufacturers had won the right to fix minimum prices and the door was open.

By late 1953, the old, powerful trade associations were functioning again, and with them came the means for re-cartelization: price fixing, production and sales quotas. One of these, for example, the Aero Union, was formed by Germany's five surviving aircraft manufacturers — Heinkel, Messerschmitt, Dornier, Focke-Wulfe, Daimler Benz— who frankly announced their intention to eliminate competition, allocate contracts and generally carve up the market.

The three banks which had dominated Hitler's Germany — the Deutsche, the Dresdner and the Commerzs — were broken by the allies into nine independent, separately managed units. But by late 1953, the new Hamburg, Dusseldorf and Frankfurt sections of the old Deutsche giant had issued identical word for word, annual reports.

Actually the Allied de-cartelization program did not have much of a chance. It never was pushed hard enough to overcome the determined resistance of the business community and the Bonn Government's dedication to that community's goals.

The government is ready for the departure of the allies. West Germany's parliament, the Bundestag, is prepared to replace the 1947 de-cartelization law with one of its own making. The first article of the bill prohibits cartels. The rest of it is a list of exceptions: cartels may be formed if they increase exports, lead to greater "rationalization" of production, help an industry through a "crisis," or if they are in the "public interest." Cartels, in other words, will be legal except in very, very few cases.

If a strong, free Europe depends upon German-French co-existence on reasonably cordial terms, the possibility of such a relationship depends equally on France's ability to compete with Germany.

Mendès-France hopes through a program of austerity to bring France to such a competitive position (*NR*, October 18). But whatever sacrifices the French may make to modernize their economy and improve their trading position, they cannot hope to compete against government-supported cartels without mounting cartels of their own.

Similarly, the entire European effort to eliminate—through organizations like the European Coal and Steel Community—trade barriers on the continent so as to create a mass market permitting mass production, could be undermined if Germany returns to her prewar economic strategy.

Delhi Dispatch A Bid to Both Sides

APPARENTLY Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India, is preparing to place before the Western and the Communist blocs concrete proposals for world peace, and to ask from both sides equally fundamental guarantees. He presumably will use the Afro-Asian Conference, meeting in Djakarta in February, 1955, to launch a peace offensive on a world scale. Post-Stalin trends in the Soviet Union (especially the series of disarmament proposals pouring out of the Kremlin), China's performance at Geneva, and a glimpse into the mind of the new China received during Chou En-lai's visit to Delhi, seem to have convinced him that the time is ripe.

Nehru always has felt that in the final analysis the West will tolerate his criticism because of a basic community of democratic interests. He now feels that Russia and especially China are enough convinced of his impartiality to accept his criticism of their policies without the usual recriminations. As his speeches to Parliament during the closing week of September show, he now is ready, for the first time since his feeble protest against the Chinese "liberation" of Tibet, to have a frank exchange with the Communist leaders. He has begun publicly to admit that just as the East has genuine fears of the West, the West and the neutral Southeast Asian neighbors of China can also have a genuine fear of Communist expansionism. Each side must be asked, he seems to have concluded, to abolish those institutions and policies that the other most fears.

The principal requests Nehru will make from the West are:

1. Recognition of China and her admission to the United Nations: Nehru believes that China is an ally and not a satellite of Russia, and that the world will benefit if its isolation is ended; he also believes that a great many Western countries and quite a few American statesmen have come to the same conclusion.

2. An end to colonialism in Asia and Africa: foreign rule, thinks Nehru is frozen aggression, and so long as it lasts there cannot be much enthusiasm for combating new aggression.

3. An end to "psychological warfare," especially of that carried out by America behind the Iron Curtain, for in the end, he holds, it has become a form of subversion which overlooks the doctrine of sovereignty.

From Russia and China, Nehru is likely to ask (as his recent speeches made on the eve of his visit to China indicate) the following:

1. Renunciation of the idea of "world revolution" and the abolition of the Cominform: while in Delhi, Chou En-lai declared that, "Revolution cannot be exported"; obviously he was speaking

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under pressure from Nehru, the Indonesians and the Burmese.

2. An end to the "international alliance" among the Communist parties in various countries and their direction either from Moscow or Peking: the spectre of subversion haunts not only America but even those Southeast Asian countries who profess friendship with China; while in Delhi, Chou En-lai emphasized the principle of "non-interference in the internal affairs of a country" as enshrined in the Five Tibet Principles.

3. Renunciation by China of her control over large Chinese communities in the countries of Southeast Asia: already Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai have hinted at a new attitude.

Whatever the final effect of Nehru's bid, it may provide an opportunity for the West to outmaneuver the Communists in the struggle for the mind of Asia.

Oregon: The Neuberger Campaign

IN OREGON, where the ranks of jobless have lengthened, the frost is on the pumpkin—and there are uneasy chills touching the spines of Republican Party leaders for whom victories have come easy over the past 50 years. "We're walking around talking to ourselves," a Republican lawyer confessed to a Democratic observer. "It's awful."

Cordon

Oregon's current political scene is centered on the familiar figure of Richard L. Neuberger, 41, who has made an outstanding record as a state senator and is challenging Republican Sen. Guy Cordon, 64.

Party registrations may be nearly even this year in Oregon—they stood at 394,921 Republican, 378,781 Democratic in May, but the balance may be upset by a built-in conservatism that has been a Democratic headache for decades. Only Maine, Vermont and Oregon failed to elect Democrats or third-party Senators while Roosevelt was in the White House, and Oregon's legislature has traditionally been one-sidedly Republican. Yet, despite this conservatism, which is aided and abetted by one of the most solidly entrenched political machines in the nation, Oregon has given to the Senate such liberals as Sen. Charles L. McNary, the public power champion who died in 1944 and was replaced by Cordon, and Senator Morse.

Cordon, a small-town lawyer from Roseburg, Oregon, was opposed in the Republican primary of 1944 by ex-Governor Charles Sprague, a liberal and an internationalist. Cordon won nomination by a handful of votes, went on to defeat his Democratic opponent and since then Oregon, outpaced industrially by the more liberal state of Washington, has had a curious balance of Morse liberalism and Cordon conservatism. Senatorial courtesy kept their differences bottled up in Washington for a time but now, with the election lid off, Cordon's record is under heavy fire by both Morse and Neuberger.

Cordon was one of 13 Senators who opposed the North Atlantic Treaty Organization; he sponsored and voted for the Bricker Amendment. His list of negative votes is long, but Neuberger is concentrating on three of them — his sponsorship of the bill giving to only four states the tidelands oil rights of all 48 states, his role in killing the so-called Lister Hill "oil-for-education" amendment, and his strong support for the Administration's "partnership" power program at a time when industry is moving out of Oregon into cheap-power Washington and British Columbia.

The power issue has stirred the Northwest more than any other issue since Roosevelt and the Hoover depression, but how potent a factor it will be in the coming election is anybody's guess. Morse and Neuberger, now tarred with the favorite McKay-Cordon expression "left-wingers," brand the "partnership" scheme as a pig-in-a-poke program under which utilities will control the profit-making power end of future dams, leaving the government, *i.e.*, the people, to pay for the costly non-reimbursable items such as flood control, irrigation and navigation.

Senator Cordon, whose philosophy is hostile to "big government" and strongly favors what he calls "local control," is generally conceded to be the architect of this partnership plan. It is generally accepted that Eisenhower followed Cordon's advice in naming Douglas McKay Secretary of the Interior.

Neuberger has fought hard to convince the people of Oregon that Cordon and McKay represent a team that would slow the state's growth and saddle consumers with higher electric power rates. He speaks often of Hell's Canyon. He is quick to point out that when Dr. Paul J. Raver was appointed Bonneville Power Administrator in 1939 to direct the public power program in the Northwest, the average number of kilowatts used per customer was 1,467, and the prevailing price for each KWH was 2.55 cents.

"By 1945 the average usage per customer was 5,632 kilowatt-hours and the toll for each KWH was 1.34 cents. During this period the output of the Bonneville Power Administration soared from 1,099,000,000 kilowatt-hours to 16,381,000,000. Electrification of farms rose from 27 percent to 98 percent from 1933 until McKay and Cordon ended it," says Neuberger. Since the Administration changed hands, he reminds his listeners, Dr. Raver has been forced out of the Bonneville administration, and he adds:

> Victory for me on November 2 would signify to Congress that the voters of Oregon want the Bonneville Power Administration restored to its previous effectiveness as a great agency for regional development. Today engineers admit it is merely a meter-reading agency.

In the light of this sort of campaigning Cordon has become increasingly short-tempered: his supporters have attacked Neuberger's religion and have gone back 20 years to his college days in an attempt to smear him.

Reliable polls in Oregon early in October showed Neuberger running strong, particularly in his home county which this year has a 17,000 Democratic registration edge over Republicans. He is believed to be cutting fairly deeply into state-wide Republican ranks.

Republicans, worried, have scheduled most of their big names—from Eisenhower to Nixon to Knowland—for Oregon campaign talks in the final weeks.

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GERALD W. JOHNSON

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The Superficial Aspect

THE PARALLEL between Secretary Wilson's comparison of jobless workers to kennel-fed dogs and the Rev. Dr. Burchard's remark about "rum, Romanism and rebellion" in 1884 is obvious but usually it is not drawn far enough. In 1884 it was observed that the Republican Party died like the Philistines who encountered Samson—slain with the jawbone of an ass—and that may be true in 1954, but it is not the whole truth. In 1884 the Republican Party was already in dire straits, and that is certainly true in 1954.

IT WAS not the blast of the seven rams' horns that brought down the walls of Jericho, but when the people "shouted with a great shout," after the horns had been blown. To a superficial observer it seems that the repetition is exact; it was not Wilson's remark but the great shout following it that set the battlements swaying. The reason for the shout was neatly explained by Alben Barkley's comment on the Wilson utterance: "It came out naturally."

The comparison of jobless workers to kennel-fed dogs was damaging because it illuminates vividly a certain moral obtuseness that has characterized the whole Administration. It is not wickedness, but lack of imagination. "I have always had the greatest sympathy" with workmen said Wilson, doubtless speaking sincerely. What he lacks is not sympathy but empathy, the ability to put himself in the other fellow's place. He really doesn't see anything wrong with a system that compels a large segment of labor to be nomadic, trailing endlessly from end to end of the country, snatching a day's work here and a week's work there, rootless, homeless and friendless.

This lack of perception does not necessarily involve moral turpitude. Perhaps God made Wilson that way and he can't help it. But what a type to be intrusted with the government of a nation!

Nevertheless, this same dullness of perception accounts for a great many things with which Wilson had nothing to do. For instance, it explains that early speech of Secretary Benson in which he suggested that marginal farmers ought to be, if not plowed under, yet driven out of agriculture. It explains Secretary McKay's probably sincere belief that public lands, forests and water-power sites ought to be transferred to private hands. It explains Secretary Weeks' assumption that the scientists in the Bureau of Standards, because they are government employees, cannot be trusted to examine a businessman's product fairly. And it explains the really appalling Dixon-Yates business.

Lack of imagination is not to be confused with lack of principle. On the contrary, an unimaginative man is often a man of the highest principles. The trouble is that his principles conform to Cornford's famous definition: "A principle is a rule of inaction giving valid general reasons for not doing in a specific instance what to unprincipled instinct would seem to be right."

THE superficial aspect of the affair suggests that Secretary Wilson likes dogs, although he holds them in amiable contempt. It is easy to believe, also, that he likes men who work with their hands, nevertheless holding them in the same amiable contempt. In manufacturing, which is essentially dictatorial, this attitude may be an aid rather than a hindrance to efficiency; but in democratic government, which is not dictatorial, it is disastrous.

War and manufacturing are applied science, but government is applied art and the man who can pass swiftly and easily from one to the other is a rare character. The present Administration, assembled largely from war and industry, has not been able to make the transition and its succession of resounding blunders is the inevitable result of that basic failure.

The reference to "kennel-fed dogs" was not a studied insult to labor. There is no reason why the Secretary of Defense should deliberately insult labor; but there is strong suspicion that at heart he believes that labor cannot be insulted by him, any more than a dog can be insulted by his master. Obviously, a man with that attitude is a misfit as a great officer of state in a democratic government.

But if Wilson were thrown out of the Administration tomorrow, would that end the trouble? His attitude, after all, is based on lack of understanding of the realities of modern politics, and that fault runs far beyond Wilson. It may not result in such crass errors as his, but it will result in errors, perhaps far more serious than merely infuriating labor. One recalls uneasily the grim assertion in Holy Writ that "where there is no vision the people perish."

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"No Troubles in Our House"

by Robert L. Riggs

YOU HAVE the strangest thought as you stand there in Pineville's (Kentucky) courthouse square while the blistering October mountain sun beats upon you. You try to shake that wild idea out of your head, but, as the man on the steps of the Continental Hotel keeps hammering away at the loudspeaker, the thought insists on returning.

At last you surrender to the fantastic idea, and you say to yourself: "That's not Dick Nixon doing the talking, that's a folksie Tom Dewey without a mustache."

Neither the Vice President nor the Governor of New York would consider that a compliment. But those who have campaigned with Thomas E. Dewey and those who have seen Richard M. Nixon in action away from Washington are bound to be struck by the similarities of the two men.

The fact that they are so different in personalities only serves to highlight the ways in which they are so much alike. The one factor which makes them such close kin is that each got so far so fast.

Dewey first won his party's nomination for the Presidency at 42. Nixon was nominated, and elected, to the Vice Presidency at 39. Such early success has developed in each a hard, metallic go-get 'em attitude toward the people with whom they deal.

But Nixon, for all that he is an efficient young-man-on-the-make, has been able to retain a human warmth that Dewey could not keep because he never had it. Hence, the Vice President is as effective an emissary as the Eisenhower Administration could have assigned to the burdensome task of barnstorming the country in hope of retaining slim majorities in both the House and the Senate.

THE PEOPLE in the overwhelmingly Republican Eighth District of Kentucky like Dick Nixon. They like Pat Nixon, too, and with reason, for few wives of public figures have learned to play their role with greater skill and effectiveness than has the owner of that famed cloth coat. Mrs. Nixon has learned rapidly. She knows when to be the silent, demure partner of the great man who is only a heart-beat away from the White House. She knows when to be the gracious recipient of orchids and roses and other floral tributes handed her by lisping infants, by teen-agers, by bosomy presidents of Republican Women's Clubs.

She always has the right reply, the right greeting, the gracious smile. You watch her through a long hot day in the Cumberland mountains. You see her in her tweed suit at Pineville, on the courthouse lawn at Barbourville, in the stifling gymnasium at Corbin. You are most uncomfortable in your shirt sleeves and cotton slacks and you know the Vice President's wife must be burning up. But always she is cool in appearance.

You pass her at the gymnasium door and get an example of how hard she is working. She doesn't recognize you as a member of the Nixon traveling circus, you having joined up just that morning unbeknownst to her.

So she gives you a cheery smile and says goodbye in a friendly manner that you would have remembered always had you been, as she had every reason to believe, a resident of Corbin. But when she learns her mistake, it does not ruffle her—this lady who got her training in poise and self-composure while sitting silently on-stage during one of television's most famous shows.

Why does the Republican Vice President devote one full day to trying to convince the one rock-ribbed Republican district of Kentucky that it ought to turn out in full strength to vote for Kentucky's Republican Senator, John

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Robert L. Riggs is Washington correspondent for the Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Sherman Cooper? Why seek to save the converted, why preach the gospel among Republicans when there are so many Democratic areas of the state that need to be persuaded? The frank-spoken Nixon gives the clue when he says that it is astute politics to try to arouse the enthusiasm of voters in Republican territory and to let sleeping dogs continue to snooze in those parts of the state that are normally Democratic.

But there is just a bit more to the Nixon Kentucky campaign than that. It is an open secret that genuine, dyed-in-the-wool Kentucky Republicans are not Eisenhower Republicans. Nor, for that matter, are they Cooper Republicans. Their hearts still belong to Robert A. Taft. If they rally around Cooper, it is only because they are practical enough to know that Republicans get elected in Kentucky only with the help of Democratic votes. And for all they detest Cooper's liberal, international, anti-McCarthy votes and utterances, they know that the only hope of getting Republican postmasters and federal judges and district attorneys is to have a Republican Administration.

Thus, when he comes into Kentucky, Vice President Nixon has a bit more complicated assignment than when he went into other states. He has to whoop it up along lines that will be pleasing to Old Guard Republicans. He has to preach the gospel of the Grand Old Party in order to inspire the organization workers. But he also has to hold in line the pro-Cooper, pro-Eisenhower Democrats who twice helped send Cooper to the Senate and who came within 700 votes of carrying Kentucky for Eisenhower two years ago.

In his assignment of building a bridge between the Cooper and the Taft Republicans who remain cold to the Senator, Nixon has a familiar part to play. It is a role he has been rehearsing during all the months he has been the liaison between the White House and the leaders of Congress.

Just as he has devoted his time to convincing the Hallecks and the Dirksens and the Knowlands of Congress that Eisenhower is not, really, a Democrat, so is he now—at Pineville, at Barbourville, at Corbin, at London—persuading Republicans of the Eighth District that both Eisenhower and Cooper are of their clan.

TAFT himself could not have been more scornful of the Truman-Acheson foreign policy than is Nixon. Korea, Communism and Corruption are still the battle cry, as they were in 1952. Everett Dirksen couldn't have borne down harder in opposition to sending our boys to die on foreign soil than does this Vice President who, only last April, was convinced that American soldiers must go to Indo-China. It is a highly satisfactory performance from the point of view of the most isolationist voter in this Old Guard Republican stronghold. It must have convinced the most skeptical that the Eisenhower Administration is, after all, a genuine Republican Administration.

But just as the gospel, as expounded by Nixon, wins converts among the already converted Republicans, so does it have its effect upon the internationalist, liberal Cooper. After a few hours of listening to Nixon, Cooper begins to sound a lot like Everett Dirksen.

The first thing you know, the Cooper who worked for Dean Acheson and Harry Truman in the United Nations, is talking about 140,000 "broken bodies of your sons who were casualties in Korea." He is talking about a Democratic Party whose only solution to unemployment is to put young men into uniform and send them off to die. He is talking about an Administration which "would not win the war in Korea and could not end it."

But, under the Nixon influence, Cooper finds the heaviest indictment he can bring against his opponent, Alben W. Barkley, is that the former Democratic leader of the Senate and former Vice President never brought enough boodle home to Kentucky. With some bitterness, Cooper complains that while Kenneth D. McKellar was snatching for Tennessee everything that was not nailed down in Washington, Barkley was busying himself upon the national and international stage.

In fact, he insists, if it had not been for what he (Cooper) did in 1948, Kentucky tobacco farmers would not be today the beneficiary of a compulsory, rigid support price of 90 percent of parity, but would, like the producers of other crops, be under the Benson-Eisenhower flexible scale which goes as low as 75 percent of parity.

Thus Nixon is the great bridge, the great transmission belt for his party. His very presence in Kentucky as the personal spokesman for Dwight D. Eisenhower makes it respectable for Cooper to say some things in his campaign speeches about which he might otherwise have been a bit apologetic.

On the other side of the picture, it is a comfort to "regular" Republicans to learn first-hand that the President is not in sympathy with those New Dealers, that he really is a Republican, that he actually does want a Republican Congress.

There is no doubt that Nixon is a good traveling salesman, an effective hard-working spokesman for his party. He does not set either the prairies or the mountains afire, but he makes friends for himself and the product he is selling. If as a sideline, he also is selling Richard M. Nixon, that is in the great tradition of young men who have got ahead fast.

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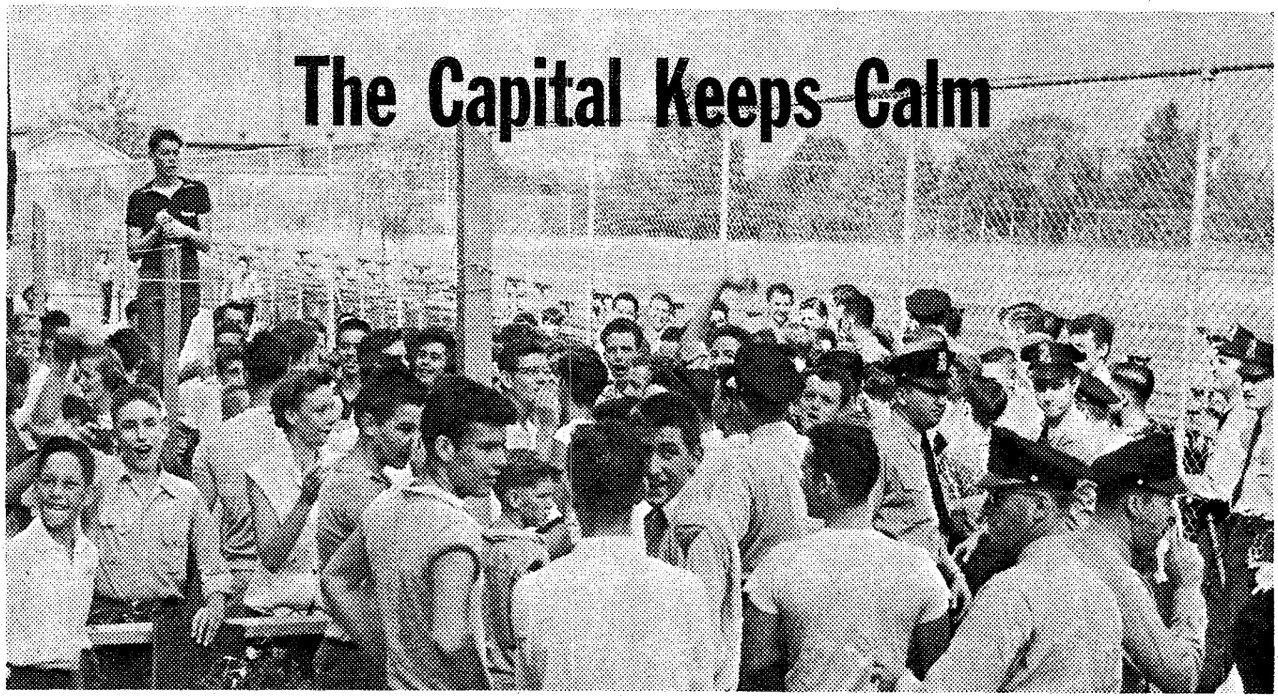
The Capital Keeps Calm



When Washington Ended School Segregation, There Was Less Protest Than Most People Expected.

by Walter Goodman

THINGS are quiet again around Washington's schools. The surprise strike broke out on Monday, October 4, reached its modest climax on Tuesday, waned on Wednesday, and things are as quiet as they were on the first morning of this fall term when newspaper reporters prowled school corridors in quest of an eye-catching headline for the next edition and found nothing but bored cops.

In 1953 Washington's public schools accomodated 57,716 Negro students and 43,100 white ones, a far higher proportion of colored students than in any comparable-sized city in the country. Many of them traveled long distances to get to their Division II schools, which, unlike the more numerous white facilities, were old, overcrowded, understaffed. Several had been white schools until, at a ripe age, they'd been given over to the use of Negro children, who in many cases had to attend them in shifts. This situation led one anti-segregationist to remark that the school authorities were concerned primarily with educating white children and housing Negroes.

Everyone knew that the separate facilities were far from equal, but Washington, besides being the Nation's Capital, is also a Southern town. Even short-term residents can remember when Negroes sat in the rear of buses, when public swimming pools, and most of the city's movie houses were reserved for whites. The big hotels and restaurants still use white waiters and waitresses exclusively, with Negroes doing the table cleaning and sweeping up.

But despite all social and economic divisions, the District's residential areas are not sharply divided by color. A few are exclusively white—like the upper Connecticut Avenue-Chevy Chase section—and a few, like the shacks behind the Capitol, are all-Negro. Many more are predominantly one or the other. But since the war an increasing number have become mixed and children who had been playing together freely suddenly found themselves going to separate elementary schools, one of which was likely to be some miles away.

One such mixed area is near McKinley High School, the first and for a time the only senior high to be integrated effectively. It is a northeast section of modest private homes and a few apartment houses into which comparatively prosperous Negroes have been moving, pushing former white residents out to suburban Maryland and Washington. Those whites who remained either could not afford the move or were not troubled sufficiently by the colored influx to make it. It is an area of low-grade Civil Service employees, cabbies, nurses and store clerks, typical of many throughout the city.

Some Washington citizens were ready when the Supreme Court handed down its momentous decision in May. The various religious and liberal groups gathered loosely in the Joint Committee on Education, which had

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been working since 1951 to acquaint the District's teachers and the community at large with some of the problems of desegregation, looked to the School Board for a definitive policy statement. Eight days after the Supreme Court decision they got it.

This pattern has been repeated in other parts of the District, generally in more run-down areas than this. Here the families of truck drivers and elevator operators, night watchmen and gas station attendants live in attached houses that invariably need a coat of paint. These neighborhoods abound in rubble-cluttered lots on which the kids—colored and white—play.

The key clause in the statement read: "Attendance of pupils residing within school boundaries, hereafter to be established, shall not be permitted at schools located beyond such boundaries, except for the most necessitous reasons and for the public convenience, and in no event for reasons related to the racial character of the school within the boundaries in which the pupil resides."

BUT before anyone had a chance to hail this forthright declaration of policy, Superintendent of Schools Hobart M. Corning set forth his step-by-slow-step plan for making the transition to a desegregated school system. Local leaders opposed to segregation concluded that the Superintendent was guilty of a grave misjudgment of public temper and the American Friends Service Committee offered a point-by-point criticism of the Corning plan.

The plan stipulated that:

1. The freshly established school zones were to be utilized this fall only for new pupils; most of the old ones would stay where they were under the segregated system.

Commented the Quakers:

> "This admission procedure can only be considered a step away from the ultimate goal."

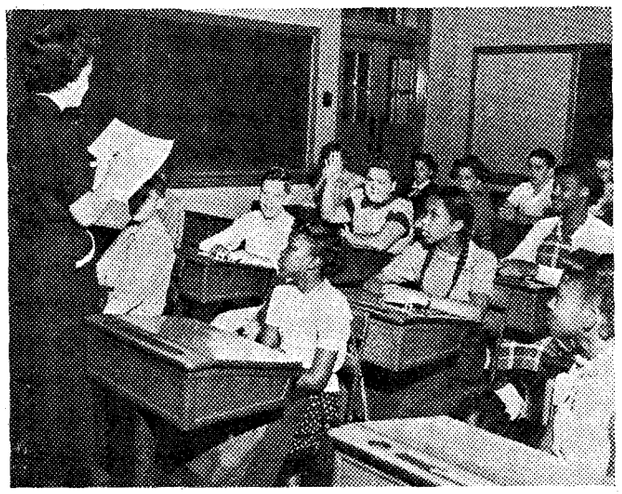
2. About 3,000 Negro children were to be transferred out of their traditionally overcrowded schools into 18 previously white schools at the beginning of the term—a move which resembled immigration more than integration.

> "Since both white and Negro schools are located in mixed areas, the one-way movement . . . has the effect of leaving Negro schools racially designated, and continues neighborhood separation along racial lines."

3. Children already enrolled in a given school were given the option of remaining there until graduation, even if they actually resided in a different school zone.

> "We believe this plan of parental option . . . will tend toward the perpetuation of racial selection and will lead to administrative confusions and neighborhood friction. It is especially unwise in the transition period, when resultant ill-feeling may affect group attitudes."

But if Superintendent Corning's caution was not inspiring, it was understandable. The change was a big one and there had been disturbances in the District over comparable issues, like desegregating city playgrounds and the Fire Department. Supporters of Superintendent Corning's piece-meal plan feared that rushing into so delicate an area would only be asking for trouble.



Most of Washington's 103,000 public school children found little change on their first day back after the summer. Several of the city's 160 schools remained as pure as they had been before segregation was abolished. All but about two dozen of the others had only a token representation of white or Negro students, with perhaps a lone colored teacher thrown in.

While the long-time opponents of segregation were expressing their annoyance at this too familiar scene and criticizing Superintendent Corning, their enemies, all those who were determined to preserve segregation, were trying to stop him from doing anything at all. The Federation of Citizens' Associations, a snow-white group from which the newly integrated PTA was obliged to withdraw, sought a court injunction to halt integration until the Supreme Court had heard further arguments on the subject. They didn't get it, and although they had never in the past shown any concern for the lot of the Negro minority, suddenly they became the outraged and vocal champions of a minority of white children residing in mixed neighborhoods who had had to enter preponderantly Negro institutions. Many mothers were reportedly going out to work in a valiant last-ditch effort to save their offspring from such an ordeal by placing them in private schools. Mrs. Henry A. Bartlett, President of the Association, concentrated her efforts on calling for flexible boundaries which would permit the reluctant white boys and girls to receive learning in a more compatible atmosphere. Her post-integration motto: "We dare not adhere to the principle that any child is expendable."

Despite the frequently reaffirmed School Board policy of no transfers on racial grounds, it was an open secret that such transfers were being made. McKinley had

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twice as many departures in the first week of this term as it usually does—presumably for twice as many "necessitous reasons." Several cases of white children being shifted from predominantly Negro schools near their homes to predominantly or wholly white schools some distance away were explained as an effort to keep siblings together.

Admittedly awkward situations like that of the six Negroes in a school of 1,260 whites weren't stirring up much of a fuss—although some teachers did note signs of tension among the badly outnumbered colored pupils. But two white children among 1,900 Negroes, however, was a condition that disturbed Mrs. Bartlett—as well as many parents with less predictable reactions. Seven grade schools opened their terms with only a single white pupil each, and several others had fewer than 20.

(One white child—an exception to be sure—having been transferred from a school where she was a minority to one where she was in a majority, asked to be sent back. Not only was the Negro school much closer to her home, but she apparently had made friends there. She was given her way by surprised but gratified officials.)

No one welcomed such disproportions, but—pro-integration spokesmen contended—the Corning option plan had brought them on in the first place: to permit the children to transfer out on the grounds that being in a minority constituted a hardship would stall the integration process for just that much longer. They urged instead that it be speeded up, that more white pupils be shifted to their proper school zones and thereby alleviate the minority problem without reversing the whole movement toward total integration.

Three weeks after the beginning of the term, the Superintendent did indeed decide to speed things up—but not along the lines suggested by the pro-integrationists. Instead, seeing how smoothly the colored students seemed to be fitting into once-white schools, he ordered a step-up in this process, and 400 more Negroes were permitted to transfer from their all-colored institutions. In retrospect, the timing of this move seems especially unfortunate. The Milford, Del., School Board had just reversed itself under the pressure and decided to resegregate. Serious student disturbances in Baltimore were being played up by the Washington press. The germ was apparently moving down to the Capital.

IT ARRIVED on the sunny Monday morning when 650 white students from two of the city's three integrated high schools stayed out. In blue jeans and T-shirts the boys moved uncertainly from one spot to another and back again, eager, expectant, but not sure just what it was they were expecting. There were a few scrawled signs and a very few fights, but most of their energy was devoted to milling around in front of their school entrances, booing the white students who walked in and giving out with school cheers. On Tuesday they were joined by several hundred students from the other integrated high school and by a considerable number of junior high pupils who had got the spirit of the thing. The absentee lists were bolstered by timid parents who kept their children home on general principles. The strikers milled around, waiting for something to happen.

But nothing did. At the first hint of a disturbance, Superintendent Corning had issued an unambiguous and unyielding statement in support of the integration policy. Police Chief Murray canceled all leaves and stationed large contingents of men at potential trouble spots. There they quietly, but effectively, broke up the groups. They arrested a few knife-carrying boys. They picked out likely leaders, took their names and sent them home. They cut off half-hearted attempts by two sets of strikers to merge. Meanwhile, the principals came out, listened to complaints, and told the plaintiffs that they had to go to school. After a while the boys and girls got tired of standing around and scattered.

ON Wednesday, Bryant W. Bowles, President of the National Association for the Advancement of White People, and the hero of Milford, was seen talking to small bunches of boys, but was warned off by police. In any case, he had missed his moment—if he had ever had one. The days were growing less pleasant; the demonstrators weren't really doing anything like demonstrating. There were no barricades to charge, and the holiday was beginning to pall.

Before this outbreak, principals of the nearly 50-50 schools agreed that so far as they knew there was no discontent and that they did not foresee any in their schools, some protest but nothing to rate a feature story in anybody's Sunday supplement. On the first day of school some uneasy Negro parents, after escorting their children to the doors, had to be dissuaded from accompanying them into the classrooms, and some perturbed white parents called to advise the principals on how to handle a touchy situation. One woman telephoned her daughter's junior high early to make it clear that she didn't want the girl taking showers with "all those black bodies." The principal suggested that the lady, an eminent Baptist, send her child to a nearby Catholic parochial school.

Even during the peak of those few difficult days, the students displayed none of the symptoms that mark the high-pitched mob. There were no threats, no violence to speak of, very little shouting. At Eastern High, colored students stood with white strikers on a lot in front of an East Capitol Street delicatessen until two Negro teachers came along to hustle them into their classrooms. White and colored spectators stood before their adjoining houses and passively watched the goings on.

Whatever feelings moved the majority of those boys and girls who stayed out of school hate was not among them, and perhaps this, essentially, is why Bowles and the other adults who attempted to keep the movement alive met with no success. The students were only dis-

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contented: their stereotype of the Negro is an unpleasant one and the Negro was being inflicted upon them. They were prey to all the uncertainties of a new and threatening situation, indefinably dangerous for them, a situation against which they had been building up resistances for a long time. Inspired by newspaper stories of protests by youths with whom they could identify, sparked by one more official move toward integration, powered by their own fears, they struck. But their ideas were too inconclusive, their emotions too diffused to carry them any further. They needed leadership, and they got it—from principals, teachers, newspaper editorials, local personalities, from persons and institutions they had always respected. The Supreme Court has ruled on the issue, declared this unanimous and authoritative voice; the District officials are implementing this ruling; neither parents nor pupils have any choice but to abide by it. The argument was not that segregation was good; it was that law is law. A kind of back-alley flavor attached itself to those who suggested that the national law could be flouted.

The principals of the integrated schools have been making conscious efforts—before and since the trouble—to mix their classes, to give every child at least one teacher of the other color, and to welcome the entering Negro students as students rather than as Negroes. The major obstacle to forming classes made up of substantial numbers of white and colored students is the lower achievement level of the Negro boys and girls. Coming from old, understaffed, over-populated schools and out of the unstable family relationships common to their alley dwellings, the newcomers do not as a whole measure up to their white schoolmates. But this is one of those ailments of segregation that the new system is expected to relieve.

One junior high principal admitted he had been shocked by the number of illegitimate Negro children, the number being brought up by unrelated persons who just happened to be living in the same back alley as their now departed mothers. "She give'm to me," explains the guardian and shrugs away all further questions. The principal is planning to show a film on "The Family" at his next PTA meeting. His response is simple, but his belated discovery is one of the earliest fruits of integration.

IN THE integrated schools the students themselves resemble residents of a calm area in the center of a cyclone. Reporters are constantly nosing around; magazines keep writing them up; their teachers are trying hard, noticeably hard, for nonchalance. High school teenagers—among whom the trouble broke out and may break out again—eat in the same cafeterias, sometimes at the same table, but maintain distinct white and colored groups. There is no studied nose-lifting, no heavy sense of embarrassment, and certainly no observable friction between the groups. Their members have been going to separate schools for many years; no one expected warm embraces in the opening week. But seating in McKinley's auditorium for a pre-football game pep rally bore no trace of segregation. The cheer leaders led the school yells—which had been mimeographed for the benefit of the 419 new Negro pupils—and they exploded with the same exuberance from all parts of the room. The football team itself was already mixed; McKinley was playing Falls Church that afternoon—the first time that a public school team from south of the Mason-Dixon line was facing a squad with Negroes on it.

In junior high cafeterias, too, the one-color groups form, but cross-talk between them is not uncommon. The mixed table-tennis doubles in the play room are really mixed. One principal, recalling his own feelings at finding himself next to colored students at college after attending segregated schools all his life, expressed admiration for the rapid adjustment his pupils seemed to be making: "I guess maybe this generation just knows what they're supposed to feel and can make themselves feel it."

BUT IT IS in the elementary schools that integration is being fully realized. The kids play, argue, race and wrestle indiscriminately—in the happier sense of the word. Sentimental phrases come easy in describing the daily scenes in these Washington schoolyards. Most of the younger children involved have been raised in mixed neighborhoods; many of their parents only came to the Capital after the war; their new school relationships have been corrected to mirror their accustomed after-school relationships.

Soon the high school dances will be starting. They will have to be mixed, of course, and some principals have already declared themselves guiltless of whatever comes next. "If a colored boy asks a white girl to dance and she says 'Yes,' well . . . that's it." Such a prospect, not to mention the nightmarish visions which spring full-blown out of it, may be expected to turn numerous shaky parents into nervous wrecks.

But despite these probable casualties, Washington's schools are being integrated—even if not so quickly as some would like. They are being integrated, and in a few years colored graduates who have had white schoolmates for most of their lives will be emerging into the Capital's Negro society of maids, laborers and file clerks. In one school cafeteria, where the diners are all dressed in the same sporty styles, carry the same books in the same haphazard way, and talk about the same things, a white cashier collects the students' change, but colored women clear their tables and colored men haul out the garbage.

For the moment things are quiet.

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Will Eisenhower's State Repudiate His Party?

by Kenneth S. Davis

On October 4 the candidate was in Eisenhower's home town of Abilene. There at a Democratic rally he attacked the Eisenhower Administration's farm policy of "flexible price supports in which the flexibility is all downward." He paraphrased William Jennings Bryan's "Cross of Gold" oration charging Secretary of Agriculture Benson with "loading on the farmer the cross of lower prices and pressing upon his brow the crown of cross-compliance."

Long after the rally, bone-tired, he went to bed in Abilene's Sunflower Hotel. When he arose next morning, his room, which had been hot the night before, was chilly—and when he went out into the street after breakfast he shivered in the lightweight summer suit he was wearing, and blamed himself for having left his topcoat at his home in Wichita.

But nothing could be done about that now. His car, a silver-gray Studebaker with twin loudspeakers atop it, awaited him. His driver, a young man named Laurence Miller whose face showed the resigned boredom which the "hurry-up-and-wait" of the Army breeds in its recruits, awaited him. So he climbed into the back seat (the space beside the driver was occupied by a record turntable) and rode southward across a drought-stricken prairie whose golden-brown color seemed the actual source of that day's feeble light, casting it upward against a low ceiling of wintry rainless clouds. By ten o'clock he was in the small town of Marion where a reporter who wished to follow that day's campaigning was waiting.

Trouble also awaited him, unprecedented trouble, he told the reporter, apologetically, for he feared the latter would "get a very false and poor idea of my campaign." There'd been a mixup in his Wichita office. The Marion Democratic Committee had been told only the day before that he'd arrive in Marion that afternoon ("what they thought I'd do all morning, I can't imagine") so that nothing was now prepared for him. This was serious: the election was less than a month away, and whatever time was lost now could never be made up.

He made phone calls to Democratic officials; he rearranged his itinerary; and as he moved about on the gray chill streets, his eyes watering with the cold, he introduced himself to precisely 24 people, giving each of them a campaign leaflet. Then he was on his way again, to Hillsboro, 14 miles to the west where he passed out more leaflets and lunched with Democratic officials before heading southeast to the village of Peabody. There, more leaflets were distributed.

By two-thirty he was back in Marion. On a windswept corner bounded by two banks and two drugstores, the nucleus of a crowd, hastily assembled by local Democrats, awaited him on the sidewalks. Parking his car in front of a bank, switching on the loudspeakers, he handed the hand-mike to Roger Morris, Marion County attorney and Democratic precinct committeeman, who introduced him: the Honorable George McGill, for eight years (1930 through '38) US Senator from Kansas, for nine years (1945 to '54) a member of the US Tariff Commission, and now Democratic nominee for the Senate, against Republican incumbent Andrew F. Schoeppel.

McGill talked for 15 minutes, his crowd growing steadily as the sound of his voice dominated the whole business district. It was his "standard" talk, one he'd given with slight variations four to six times daily since Labor Day and which he intended to give at least once in each of Kansas' 105 counties. He focused on three "clear issues" between himself and Senator Schoeppel:

First, during his own term in the Senate he'd consistently supported electric power policies which, by a judicious mixture of public with private enterprise, had brought more electricity to more people, and at cheaper rates, than ever before. He'd fervently supported the REA, which had electrified American agriculture and improved rural phone service. Senator Schoeppel, on the other hand, had consistently opposed all public power as "socialistic," while officials of the REA co-ops themselves recognized him as an "enemy." On this issue, Senator Schoeppel had gone against the interests of his constituency.

Second, McGill maintained, he was one of the authors of the 1938 Agricultural Adjustment Act (it was introduced as the Pope-McGill bill), the basic legislation

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which had provided the American farmer a greater measure of economic justice than he'd ever had before. This act he said was born of the recognition that the prosperity of agriculture is essential to the prosperity of the nation and that there is a "community of interest" between "city and country." Senator Schoeppel, on the other hand, had introduced to the Senate the so-called "compromise" measure which did away with rigid supports of basic crops at 90 percent of parity, substituting for it a "flexible" support of 82½ to 90 percent, and this at a time when "the products the farmer must buy are much higher than when the 90-percent supports were maintained." He, McGill, categorically denied that lowering the price of wheat would reduce its production; all it did was reduce farm income. Moreover he deplored the Republican effort to drive a wedge between city and country people with the "false doctrine" that high farm prices were responsible for the high cost of living. "The lie to that is given by the fact that the cost of living continued to go up after farm prices drastically declined," he declared. On this issue also, said McGill, Senator Schoeppel had gone against the interests of his constituency.

Third, argued McGill, he was opposed to the Republican "give-away" program, particularly the "give-away" of some $75 billion worth of offshore oil, allegedly to the states of California, Texas, Louisiana and Florida. He denounced as dishonest the argument that this action decentralized governing power from Washington to the states, increasing "local control." Instead, it transferred wealth and power from the people to an irresponsible private bureaucracy, giant oil corporations whose headquarters were not in the oil states at all but in New York, and whose national and even international operations could not possibly be regulated effectively by a state government. As for the oil itself, which the Supreme Court had repeatedly ruled to be the property of the nation as a whole, Kansas' share of it amounted to around $2.2 billion, or some $1,160 for every man, woman and child in the state. Yet Senator Schoeppel had voted for this "give-away" and now defended it as a stroke against "socialism." On this third issue, said McGill, Schoeppel had gone against the interests of his constituency.

McGILL then asked all who agreed with him to vote for him in November, and paused at last to acknowledge the spatter of applause—a tall, broad-shouldered, bald-headed man with shrewd gray eyes and sensitive mouth who, even on that weary gloomy day, seemed a full 10 years younger than his 75 years. He smiled, shook more hands, gave packs of leaflets to local Democrats for distribution, and climbed again into his Studebaker, heading eastward toward Council Grove. He left behind him three separate sidewalk groups who discussed, with animation, the issues he had raised.

In Council Grove, which he reached at four o'clock, he gave almost the same street talk, adding to it (since Council Grove is something of a railroad town) references to the Taft-Hartley Act and its "punitive" provisions as regards unions. The Administration's evident desire to revise Taft-Hartley in such a way that labor-management problems were handled by the states rather than the federal government was, he asserted, vicious nonsense. Its effect would be the dissolution of nation-wide labor organizations into 48 separate and relatively ineffective units, no one of which was strong enough to bargain on even terms with a large railroad, or US Steel. He shook more hands, passed out more leaflets, and was again on his way, this time to Emporia, where he had an evening meeting. Sixteen hours after he rose in the Sunflower he lay back on another hotel bed.

THUS ended a day of George McGill's campaign for a Senate seat. If not typical in its vote-getting effectiveness, it was approximately so in its general nature and its drain on the candidate's energy. On an average day he is seen and heard by between 300 and 600 people, most of whom, he believes, are strongly swayed if not wholly convinced by his argument and each of whom becomes a focus of spreading influence.

McGill, of course, knows well that he is waging an uphill fight. He's a Democrat in a traditionally Republican stronghold where the Eisenhower name, because of Ike's Kansas upbringing, has probably a greater pulling power than it has in any other state. He has almost no money for billboards, newspaper ads, radio or TV, whereas his opponent can spend whatever is deemed needful for these things. He is, inevitably, opposed editorially by the Kansas press and has the usual Democratic difficulty in securing even an approximately fair coverage of his campaign in the news columns. His advanced age is a serious liability.

But he also knows that everything he believes in, politically, is threatened by the man who now occupies the office he seeks, and that his victory would be of national significance. Moreover, he is sustained by the memory of a past victory, in 1930, over odds which at that time seemed even greater than those he now faces. He was then unknown, actively opposed by the leaders of his own party, lacking even the money that he now has, and running against a colorful figure, Henry J. Allen.

McGill won by 12,000 votes in 1930, and he insists that the same kind of revolt against anti-farmer, pro-Big Business legislation and administrative policy is now rising across the Kansas prairies. Few others have thus far seen it—but among them is an old-time journalist, W. G. Clugston of Topeka. Undoubtedly the most effective piece of McGill campaign literature yet produced is Clugston's pamphlet entitled "Eyes on Kansas." The pamphlet quotes Alf M. Landon's statement in opposition to Schoeppel when the latter, after the traditional (and traditionally mediocre) two terms as Republican governor, announced for the Senate in 1948. "All my life I have been opposed to the domination of government by big business," said Landon on that occasion,

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"and I am opposed to the Republican Party naming as its nominee for the US Senate an errand boy for the big utilities."

Clugston takes it from there. He lambasts a voting record which caused *Life* magazine to brand the senior Kansas Senator as one of the five most conspicuous survivors, in the upper House, of Neolithic Republicanism. But, significantly, neither he nor McGill mentions Schoeppel's anti-administration stands against foreign economic aid and for the Bricker Amendment—evidence that both men still consider the average Kansas voter to be apathetic if not isolationist as regards foreign policy.

If all this is seriously disturbing Andrew F. Schoeppel, he gives no sign of it. He beat McGill by 87,000 votes (out of a total of 716,000) in 1948, when a "farm revolt" was giving Harry Truman the margin of his incredible victory—and no one can deny that McGill, then 69, is now six years older. Schoeppel "expects" to win by 100,000 this time. His record proves him a friend of the Kansas farmer, he asserts, pointing out as one example his effort to prod the Department of Agriculture into a beef-buying program "which aided materially in halting the decline" of cattle prices.

Schoeppel

As for rigid price supports, he claims they've hurt rather than helped the Kansas farmer. By keeping prices too high, 90 percent supports have encouraged wheat production in areas of the US where it is an uneconomic crop; they've encouraged foreign production, pricing us out of the export market; and the acreage controls they require have denied to Kansas farmers their right to grow wheat on five million acres naturally suited to that crop. Besides, he adds, if the rigid 90-percent bill had passed, the President would have vetoed it and the minimum price support would now be 75 rather than 82.5 percent.

Schoeppel's campaign, by comparison with McGill's, is relaxed and easy. For the most part, he has traveled with a motor caravan of Republican candidates, giving five-minute talks as one of several speakers, all of whom lean heavily upon Eisenhower's personal popularity though several of them have, like Schoeppel, gone against the President on key measures. If Schoeppel has had much to say in his talks about the issues McGill raises, the fact has not been reported. No one denies, however, that in the normal Kansas circumstances—those resulting from a monolithic Republican press and a long tradition of political mediocrity—Senator Schoeppel is an effective campaigner. He is a big man physically, affable, with a firm handshake and friendly eyes; he has an excellent speaking voice; and if the placidity of his mind is seldom interrupted by an original notion, that fact may be an asset among an electorate conditioned to regard originality as dangerous.

On the other hand, McGill may be right: perhaps this is not a normal Kansas election year. There *are* signs that Kansas spirit is yearning for something new and better in her public life. There is, for instance, a profound split in the state Republican Party, deepened and widened by the C. Wesley Roberts lobbying scandal, exposed in 1953, which forced Roberts' resignation as Chairman of the Republican National Committee. That scandal gave abundant ammunition to Lieutenant Governor Fred Hall, who won a bitter Republican gubernatorial primary fight this summer and is now promising (though less emphatically than he did during the primary) drastic changes in the statehouse. This factional fight might lead to a Democratic gubernatorial victory, for it is possible that many if not most of the rabid anti-Hall Republicans will vote against him in November. The possibility is increased by the growing suspicion that George Docking, a Lawrence bank president who won the Democratic primary, is probably more conservative than Hall, a suspicion apparently encouraged by Docking and the Democratic State Headquarters.

Whether there's any significant relationship between the gubernatorial and Senatorial races this year, however, is doubtful. Schoeppel was never publicly identified with Wes Roberts' operations (his colleague, Senator Frank Carlson, was in it up to his neck and is undoubtedly thanking his lucky stars he's not up for re-election this year) while McGill, as in former years, runs pretty much as a "lone wolf." Thus the outcome of the Senatorial race does not, apparently, depend on "local issues" save in the sense in which Adlai E. Stevenson defined them when he spoke in Wichita October 7.

INDEED, the Stevenson meeting itself may augur a deep change in the Kansas temper. Arranged despite the protests of "practical" Democratic politicians, the meeting turned out to be the largest, most enthusiastic state Democratic rally in a decade. Four thousand people packed a ballroom. Stevenson said:

"By voting for [McGill and other Democrats] you'll be voting not only for greater coherence in our foreign policy and an end to special interest government at home, but also for a two-party system in your own state and increased political freedom for all Kansans. You'll be voting for a restoration of integrity not only to your state government but to the Republican Party of Kansas, which can be purified only through defeat. And you'll be voting also, I hope, for the reopening of long clogged channels through which the tremendous vitality, the high-mindedness, the creativeness of the Kansas people may again flow into effective social channels.

"If that happens, 1954 could be an historic year—the beginning of the Kansas renaissance through which this great state became once more a prophecy of creative idealism for all America."

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Bonn Dispatch The German Opposition

German opponents of rearmament were not intimidated by the outcome of the London Conference. In Frankfurt, the Trade Union Congress, which met, as the Bonn Parliament was holding its foreign policy debate, voted 387 to 4 to postpone rearmament until another attempt had been made to unify Germany through direct talks with the Russians. The stand was in almost direct support of the position taken by the Socialists in Parliament, and there were only four dissenting votes although there were over 90 Christian Democrats among the delegates.

In the Bundestag itself the Socialists have come into their own as never before since the war. They have clarified their hitherto vague and contradictory proposals for "German unification" to the point where they are now able to present a seemingly logical and enticing alternative to Chancellor Adenauer's policy. The Socialists call their policy one of "alliancelessness." They want all talk of a military alliance with the West postponed until one more effort has been made to persuade Russia to allow unification of the Western and Eastern Zones.

The Socialists of course have been calling for one more Big Four Conference for quite a while. They have never, however, presented a clear suggestion on what sort of formula the conflicting sides might agree upon. They had talked of creating a European security system under the UN, and had offered any number of similarly artificial systems for unification. What they propose now is the military neutralization of Germany, with Russia and the West pulling out their troops to allow formation of a unified free government. That government would, according to the Socialists, be in "natural political sympathy with the West," but it would not be a European military factor and it would not be a threat to the Russians.

Germany is thus now presented with two clear foreign policy alternatives—for the first time since the war. The first—Adenauer's—sees a strong two-thirds of the country wholly allied with the free world in the hope that a "policy of strength" will sooner or later force the Russians to pull the Iron Curtain back at least as far as the Oder. The Socialist alternative seeks to achieve immediate unification by offering to trade the scheduled twelve German divisions against the twenty million civilians of the East Zone.

According to Herbert Wehner, the up-and-coming Socialist leader who master-minded the proposal, the Russians might well accept such a deal. "The analysis of Soviet policies shows that Moscow fears that West German rearmament will intensify the danger of war. To prevent this development the Russians are ready to compromise, even over German unification. It is not a matter of their loving peace it is simply that they fear the next war will be their last."

Wehner, a former German Communist who rose to high position in the Comintern before breaking with the Kremlin in a Swedish jail during the war, is considered an expert on Communist policy and an outspoken realist. It was the failure of the "European" policy at the EDC conference in Brussels that persuaded the other SPD leaders to endorse Wehner's ideas.

In the crucial Bundestag debate which followed Adenauer's return from London, both sides—government and SPD—made effective points against each other's proposals. The Socialists said that the patchwork plan drawn up at London had no continuity with the "European" ideals which were supposed to have motivated EDC, and some of Adenauer's followers agreed. Nevertheless his coalition held together. The "Europeans," Adenauer among them, argued that the decision of the French Assembly had forced modification of the supra-national blue-print, that control by NATO and BRUTO (Brussels Treaty Organization) was better than a national army, and that if things worked out well there might be a chance to integrate the military organization along "European" lines later. The other wing of the coalition's foreign policy front, the one led by free-wheeling Free-Democrat Thomas Dehler, who had earlier proposed to go even further toward meeting Russian demands than the Socialists, returned meekly to the fold after Adenauer brought home the London agreement.

Coalition spokesmen for their part attacked the Socialist proposal by arguing that a country occupying a central geographic position like Germany could never hope to neutralize herself.

This blow-up in the foreign policy debate was a disappointment to Adenauer who had hoped the opposition would finally come around to support his policy. Adenauer's desire now is speed. He wants to get Germany tied to the West as firmly and as quickly as possible. He is very pessimistic about the course post-Adenauer German governments might take, and he wants to chart the road for them now.

The German magazine *Spiegel* reported a conversation supposed to have taken place between Adenauer, Belgium's Paul Henri Spaak and Luxemburg's Joseph Bech at the London conference.

"I am 100 percent convinced," Adenauer is quoted as having said, "that the German national army will be a greater danger to Germany and to Europe when I'm not here any more . . . Use the time while I'm still living! God knows what my successors will do when I'm no longer around, when they no longer have to follow clearly prescribed paths, when they are no longer bound to Europe."

So the world is presented with the picture of a German chancellor publicly advocating formation of an army which he privately fears. Actually he fears the army less than the nationalists.

The Socialists on the contrary fear the new army more than the nationalists. They think that present-day Germany presents no fruitful ground for nationalist demagogy. They do fear that a spirited officer corps will seize much power and influence, move in right behind the bureaucracy as a power in the state and eventually revert to direct political interference. They intend to press this argument firmly while Adenauer is in Washington and open to the charge of being a US puppet.

Bonn ARNOLD HEIDENHEIMER

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Truth in One Dimension

by Leslie A. Fiedler

Not the least curious aspect of this exceedingly curious book is its air of being at once convinced and contrived, quite true and utterly misleading. It is not a matter of being turn and turn about faked and factual, but of being both *simultaneously*. This involves, I am sure, not a question of individual talent and tact or the failure of both, but the very nature of the journalistic exposé of which Mr. Lundberg is a veteran practitioner. He has in the past exposed successfully (in terms of book sales at least, but in a deeper sense, too) Hearst, the "sixty families," and Woman; and he turns now to the people as a whole. There is a thumbnail history of social thought in our time in this progression from the indictment of a single man to that of a small oligarchy, to that of half the human race and finally to its totality.

The Treason of the People, by Ferdinand Lundberg (Harper; $4.50).

Mr. Lundberg represents not himself alone (it is typical of his kind of enterprise that it is always representative rather than lonely) but a segment of our population, which, though it feels rather than properly thinks and expresses itself inevitably in the inflated phrases of the press, is by no means ignoble in aspiration and conviction. This group once called itself proudly "liberal" and represented truly the journalistic wing of an intellectual community by and large smugly content to attribute all the nation's ills to a handful of corrupt newspaper editors and a small number of "malefactors of great wealth." The impact of its muckracking on the mind of the community I am painfully aware of in myself, when I shuffle through the handful of righteous platitudes I possess in the place of genuine information about Hearst (he caused the Spanish-American War single-handed, etc.); and realize that I cannot assess intelligently a man who was for many years a central symbol in my thinking about society.

To the current loss of nerve in the progressive community as a whole, Mr. Lundberg is responding on his customary level with a sensitivity more efficient than mere opportunism. The very title of his book indicates the shift from self-exculpation to self-indictment typical of this moment in our history; and his book is, in fact, more profoundly anti-liberal (in any 1935 sense of the word) than it seems at first glance. One omission and one emphasis must do to illustrate the drift toward conservatism I have been describing: the identification of Communism as a polar anti-democracy rather than a somewhat unfortunate extension of it has become so widespread as to be useless in identifying a precise point of view; but Mr. Lundberg's attitude toward labor, his theory of the trade-union movement as a conspiracy against the unorganized worker, his espousal of the ambiguous slogan of "the right not to work" indicate his new orientation.

Moerover, in a study dealing with the failures of our people, he fails to mention at all the sullen rejection of parliamentarianism and the virulent anti-intellectualism that have come to a focus in McCarthyism. I hate to be churlish about an omission in some ways so welcome in these times when a conventional indictment of McCarthy has become *de rigeur*; yet a charge against the people for having fumbled the democratic process cannot ignore this most recent populist adventure.

Not all of Mr. Lundberg's older attitudes have lapsed by any means; and he sometimes suffers the contradictions between his former views and his newer ones in a way that suggests he is not aware of them. For instance, the almost absolute anti-war position from which he began survives strangely in the midst of an indictment of the people of the United States for having to be drafted into the wars of which Mr. Lundberg does not quite approve.

In addition, the primeval liberal distrust of religious orthodoxy persists, though in tempered form (Mr. Lundberg is proud to be not quite a Paul Blanshard), cutting Mr. Lundberg off from one set of theoretical solutions, condemned *a priori* as "dogma," to the problem that he permits merely to vex him: *why* have the people betrayed the democratic hope? "People as presently constituted," Mr. Lundberg tells us weakly, "just are not up to the democratic ideas. . . ." But this is far from a thinking *through* of the fundamental notions about human nature and society, which are at stake in Mr. Lundberg's study. Everything pushes the author toward a philosophical conservatism which would spare him at least the need of petulantly charging us all with senselessly "betraying" ourselves; only his confusion-concealing rhetoric holds Mr. Lundberg back.

That he feels deeply, passionately, indeed, our failure to fulfill the promises of democracy, one cannot doubt; yet he is so manifestly *making a case* all the time: blowing up and toning down, employing all the standard devices of persuasion. Even when one agrees with him (and who can fail to agree that democracy as practised among us is not the Jeffersonian dream), one is made uneasy by specific falsifications of emphasis. The whole matter of race-relations in the United States is, for instance, presented so one-sidedly: the undeniable recent advance of the Negro ignored, the often (though not invariably) successful results of fair practises legislation denied, that the whole problem is reduced from a moral plea to a lawyer's calculated brief.

But more damaging than specious rhetoric and strategic omission is Lundberg's failure to weigh his charges.

Everything is advanced as of equal weight, the trivial and the momentous, the serious and absurd: the refusal of a large part of our electorate to vote and the small number of auto owners who buy insurance, the influence of lobbies and pressure groups (immensely oversimplified by Mr. Lundberg into a total evil) and the large portion of the national income spent on cigarettes, liquor and in brothels. Whether one shares the author's puritanism or not, he is a little appalled at this equation of the great and the small, and driven finally to conclude that the journalistic enterprise,

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with its inflation of *everything,* has produced finally a mind incapable of assessing events in proportion, unprotected against its own cranky emphases: in Mr. Lundberg's case, cars, whiskey and the high tariff. He believes, apparently that a major cause of the rise of Hitler was our failure to lower tariffs after the first World War!

I am a little disturbed at having spent most of my time finding fault with a book aimed at stirring up the complacent, and pledged to an unimpeachable democratic ideal. Mr. Lundberg, I know, for he tells us so frequently, believes in thinking as much as I do, and even thinks he is thinking. My protests may, indeed, be only a by-product of a certain academic, even pedantic, quest for an objectivity which should not be disavowed though it can never be perfectly obtained; and for all I know, Mr. Lundberg, who has read much and felt deeply, may even consider that he is deliberately and strategically condescending, speaking in the only language that can grasp and hold the attention of a corrupted public. In any case, Mr. Lundberg finds himself in a trap, betraying helplessly or through misguided machiavellian motives a last best hope for democracy: the willingness of the writer to speak to men as if they were, here and now, what the democrat dreams they will someday be. It is always harder to be free than one suspects—and in a different way; but hardest of all is to speak the truth, even the tiny share of it that at best we are given to know.

The God that Failed

THIS IS the second and final installment of Arthur Koestler's autobiography. It deals particularly with his experiences with Communism. One might suspect before reading it, that it would suffer for being a twice told tale, as many of the experiences were described previously in his chapter of *The God That Failed,* the symposium in which prominent ex-Communists described their enchantment and disenchantment with Communism. Other sections of the autobiography traverse the same ground of some of Koestler's other books: *The Scum of the Earth,* etc. But even the readers who have read all of Koestler's books will not be bored, partly because Koestler is never boring, and partly because the volume presents his experience with Communism in ordered sequence; and the cumulative effect is overwhelming.

The Invisible Writing, by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan; $5).

To say that Koestler is not boring is merely to pay tribute to the vitality of his prose and the fecundity of his imagination. But it does not do justice to the fact that he reveals himself as a man of genuine humanity and charity who traveled through various hells and reveals only a few indications of being scorched by hell-fires.

As history, the volume is valuable for it gives new light on various facets of totalitarianism, on the caprice of tyrannical systems and on the awful cost paid in human relations by the chicane of arbitrary power. It also throws interesting light on the co-operation and affinity between the two tyrannies of Nazism and Communism; and on the strange reluctance of the "liberal" and intellectual world to acknowledge the obvious fact that the systems were equally cruel and inhuman.

The autobiography is even more interesting as a document, recording the involvement of real individuals in both the decay of the old order in Europe and in these abortive and demonic schemes of salvation. Koestler is interesting and moving whether he is describing his rather queer friends among the Hungarian literati, or Willy Muenzenberg the rather fabulous inventor of the "front" organization which beguiled so many Western "liberals," beginning with the organization which discredited the Nazi theory of the Reichstag fire; or when he records his rather disappointing interviews with Thomas Mann and Sigmund Freud; or when he describes his own experiences in Spanish prisons, and hesitantly but honestly analyzes the religious dimensions of those experiences; or when he compares his account of the logic of the confessions in the purge trials with the report of the actual history of the method of such confessions in General Krivitsky's book, written at the same time as his novel but with each author remaining ignorant of the work of the other.

This record is history on many different levels. But Koestler has the capacity to illumine both the more "objective" dimensions of history and to tell the human stories of the pathetic individuals who were involved in the trials of our age.

The book leaves one question unanswered, though Koestler tries to answer it. That question is how he could stick to his Communist creed for seven years, though his first visit to Russia began the process of disillusionment. This tardiness is all the more surprising because of Koestler's passionate reaction to the cruelty and caprice of tyranny. Even the experiences in Spain did not cause a break with the Party until he was revolted by the effort to follow the Party line, in his answers to questions put to him about the significance of the POUM, a Trotskyite faction in the Spanish Civil War. The official line was that these non-Stalinists were Fascists.

Koestler explains his tardiness in disillusionment by reminding the reader that the Communist attraction consisted of the hope of utopia, and revulsion against a decadent culture. He argues that, even when the hope of utopia was disappointed, the rise of Hitler supplied the impetus to continued loyalty. The recognition that the two forms of totalitarianism were equally noxious came much later. Incidentally, the book closes with a very touching tribute to Great Britain, his final home, particularly to the essential humaneness of British common sense, contrasted to the aberrations, to which Continental intellectuals were tempted.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

An Old Statesman

ONE MAY as well begin by lining up solidly with the *Chicago Tribune*: "This biografy is a classic"—an opinion which time alone can justify, but with which few present readers will be inclined to quarrel.

The new book—*Lord M. in England*—brings Melbourne's life to a close; the American edition for good measure includes *The Young Melbourne,* that enchanting re-creation of a young life in an old time which dazzled and enamored readers on all sides of the At-

Melbourne, by Lord David Cecil (Bobbs-Merrill; $5).

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lantic when it was first published fifteen years ago. The author was asked after the war by an American admirer of that book why he had not finished the story. Well, he said, Melbourne really became rather dull when he got to be Prime Minister. But that was obviously counter-statement (the superlative of understatement): the felicities of this rendering of the later life are not less than those of the earlier, although it must be allowed that Queen Victoria is less fantastical a heroine than Lady Caroline Lamb.

There is also, perhaps, less joy in the telling of the second part of the story; just as there was, most certainly, less joy in the living of it. Melbourne like most men came to bow under the weights of office; and Lord David Cecil bows a bit under the strain of untangling, more or less, the gnarled threads of Whig politics in the years before and after the Reform Bill of 1832, when Melbourne struggled to reconcile the differences in a divided Cabinet and a country some thought on the edge of violent revolution. The author is evidently happier—as who should not be?—when he can show, as he does in a first chapter which will surely be in the anthologies, the bustle and wit and amatory scamperings of the great Whig eighteenth century houses where life was "at once gorgeous and dishevelled, frivolous and tragic"; or the intensity of the conflict within young Melbourne between skeptical, hedonist behavior and an idealizing philosophical tendency; or the glittering progress of his love-match with Lady Caroline, and its half-tragic, half-comic, always-spirited decline into lack of love and death, when he like the others in her circle of friends, enemies, lovers and beloveds, "to their bewilderment, unasked and unrehearsed . . . found themselves being treated as heroes and villains in dramas of whose very plots they were ignorant."

She finally scandalized even the relaxed society of that day by conducting an affair with Byron so public as to invite unfavorable comment from the lower orders; when she managed to outpose even him, and he sickened of her, "she rushed into the supper-room" at a ball "and, breaking a glass, began to gash her naked arms with the pieces." She was quite mad, eventually (what the English call eccentric). Melbourne valued loyalty above most things; "he had long ago given up expecting much of anything," and lived with her, a loveless but somehow still-enchanted keeper, until she died.

Coming
New Republic's
40th Anniversary Issue
November 22
"September—1939"
by W. H. Auden

During these years he did about what was expected of a noble lord (although he did not come from an aristocratic family, and was almost certainly illegitimate): went into the House of Commons, dined well and drank late, conversed learnedly and wittily on every topic.

There was a difference in him, though. He read not only deeply, but reflectively, thought much about human nature ("politics exhibited on the most spectacular scale"), and had a lucky ten-year blank period, when he was out of public affairs tending Caroline, in which he could compose his finished self: intelligent, ironic, a lover of paradox, frank, casual, diligent only when necessary, a keen judge of men, an admirer of handsome and high-spirited women, a determined composer of differences, and a passionate believer in leaving things as they were up to the point where it would cause more upset (what he hated most) to leave them there than to change them a bit in the direction desired by the majority of the moment.

Not a heroic figure, certainly. And yet, not the worst kind of man to have at the head of affairs when society is moving from one age into another, no one knows quite how or where. He was too flexible to set his face against inevitable change, too skeptical to lead it—which was only "to risk an immediate disturbance for the sake of a problematical future good." The new democratic age, "earnest, hopeful, strenuous and foggy," could not appeal much to this child of an earlier and more spacious century. "Why can't they be quiet?" he would ask. Nevertheless, going with reform when it was clearly required, acting strongly (harshly to modern tastes) as Home Secretary and then as Prime Minister to put down any stirrings of open rebellion, he "deserves some of the credit for the fact England, alone of European countries in the nineteenth century, succeeded in getting rid of the old regime without a revolution."

Meanwhile, there were the women in his life: Mrs. Norton, with whom he enjoyed a refreshing *amour de fête;* and the young Queen Victoria. She came to the throne, a slip of a girl with a whim of iron, when he at 57 had been Prime Minister for three years. There followed a brief idyll, told here with the utmost charm and delicacy: the polished worldly man, curbing his irony and irreverence in deference to the literal-minded and highly proper—indeed, Victorian—queen, devoting hours a day to her education in statecraft, coming to regard her as mixed sovereign, daughter, and last love of his life; and the girl-queen, by nature "almost all the things that the typical woman is alleged to be by those who have the temerity to generalize on the subject," but also "endowed with an extravagant force of temperament," learning quickly and coming as quickly to find in her Prime Minister not a lover but a hero, a "wise, benignant, fatherly figure on whom she could pour out all her youthful capacity for admiration." They suited each other's deepest internal needs of the moment, for a moment: he was turned out of office soon after she found Albert, who filled new needs: he missed her achingly, once retired sank away in mind and body, had a stroke, and died seven years later, at the age of 69, having outlived his time.

Lord David Cecil was brought up in what remains of this world: great country houses, politics and literature and conversation headily mixed, a family tradition of service to the Crown dating from Elizabeth. He is the Goldsmiths' Professor of English Literature at Oxford; his brother, the Marquess of Salisbury, is Lord President of the Council. This Melbourne is thus, in the best sense, the inside story told by one of the family: but told so completely, so fastidiously, so justly, that it all conveys to us on the outside. It is Cecil's Melbourne, no doubt: given to us as it could be only by Melbourne's Cecil.

CHARLES G. BOLTE

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FILMS

THE screen is an unerring mirror—not ground and silvered in the ordinary way, to reflect our faces in flat likenesses, but prismatic, refracting our inner states. The continuing science-fiction vogue, for example, intends to make pleasant entertainment out of fantasies —usually of some technological future. Incidentally, however, deep-set attitudes are disclosed about the scientific present.

The United Artists release, *Gog,* directed by Herbert L. Strock and produced by Ivan Tors from his own original story, has to do with a vast underground plant somewhere in New Mexico's wastes, where a corps of scien-

Gog (A United Artists Film).

tists and technicians are racing to make the first earth-satellite space station. The scientists are enclosed by a stupendously elaborated security system. But they are still vulnerable to sabotage by some unknown force that is able to penetrate the cybernetic vitals of "Novac," the great electronic brain that activates and controls every operation in the project.

The enemy force turns Novac on the scientists. Two of the latter, for example, are caught and snuffed out in a chamber in which space conditions are simulated, where we have first seen a monkey being frozen stiff and thawed —in a sequence that will surely titillate the aggressive humanitarianism of anti-vivisectionists everywhere. But the government sends in a champion, one of that newest knighthood of our fissionable era: the security investigator. This physicist-detective with muscles, Richard Egan, finally tracks the nefarious influence on Novac to an enemy supersonic airplane, made of fiber-glass to evade radar detection. It seems that when Novac was built in neutral Switzerland, "enemy agents" incorporated an ultra-high-frequency receiver in its ultra-complicated innards. Now, signals from the plane flying over the secret base activate Novac to electronic mischief.

In a climactic effort to destroy the space satellite project, the enemy takes control of two robots named "Gog" and "Magog." What these two characters are for is never quite clear—or why they look like futuristic centaurs, with multi-armed torsos, complete with flame-throwers, grafted on the bodies of miniature tanks. Flame-throwers, in fact, seem to be standard equipment around this scientific project, and the hero, helped by head-scientist Herbert Marshall, and beauteous security agent Constance Dowling (a dead-ringer for Virginia Mayo), uses them to destroy first Magog, and then Gog, before the latter can remove the safety rods from the atomic pile, the project's power source, which would blow up everything. Meanwhile, our jets have found and destroyed the intruding airplane.

If that were all, *Gog* would be a pleasantly inventive variation on the "chase" formula of science fiction: the pursuit of monsters or forces from the outer reaches of fantasy, like *The Thing, The Magnetic Monster,* and numerous others, in order to stop them before they can destroy the earth. As it is, this formula reveals considerable apprehension about the future, as if scientific progress is inevitably accompanied by new enemies to combat, new emergencies needing ever greater straining toward total secrecy and total security. The radioactive dragons of the future, moreover, may not be fought by heroes in single combat, as in olden legends in which common folk acknowledged their need and admiration for men of outstanding qualities. The new champions, after a century and a half of egalitarian romanticism, are not aristocrats, but quintessential proletarians. The face of Everyman is lost in a crowd, and the heroes who come forth from the mass to practice total tactics against undemocratic evil have features of dedicated anonymity and the aspirations of audacious safety.

Aside from the chase, with the posse getting its bearings from a radar screen, *Gog* also offers much ideological moralizing that may tell us even more about our hopes and fears. Most revealing is not the citation of the enemy power that has infiltrated Novac. Enemy powers are nothing new in the movies, which have never known an era of such international good feeling that they were hard put to imply the nationality of villains. But there is a disturbing complacency about the assumption, expressed repeatedly by Herbert Marshall, that everything about our enterprise to build a space satellite is all right—so long as we build it before the enemy does.

Such a satellite (much like that proposed by Werner von Braun), equipped with a great mirror (as suggested by Hermann Oberth) which could focus the sun's heat for useful energy and to burn would-be aggressors to a crisp, would give us total oversight of anything going on everywhere in the globe, and absolute power to stop it or control it. Marshall never bothers to demonstrate why we would not misuse our total power. It is simply assumed, as it was in the 1952 film about the dropping of the Hiroshima atom bomb, *Above and Beyond,* as well as in many films about the atom since, that we are in the right and always will be, as we are free and democratic, and anything we do is presumptively justified.

Smiting the earth and its creatures from space used to be the prerogative of God, and one of the precepts of Judaeo-Christian morality and nationhood was that man in his creaturely finitude must never presume to God's power of total judgment. The older theologians called this Pride, and the newer ones affected by modern philosophy and social science call it "ideological taint." These are good words, and to the point, despite our differences over the theological dicta behind them. But there may be a better word for the manifestation of ideological arrogance that is so clear in *Gog*—the word Fear.

MARTIN S. DWORKIN

Coming

New Republic's

40th Anniversary Issue

November 22

"How I Became a Red"

by Heywood Broun

Notes on the Critics

LESLIE A. FIEDLER is on the English faculty of Montana State University. REINHOLD NIEBUHR'S newest book is *Christian Realism and Political Problems.* CHARLES G. BOLTE is a writer and former Rhodes scholar. MARTIN S. DWORKIN is a film critic.

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► In Defense of Oppenheimer

SIRS:

Yesterday I was in the Hollywood Ranch Market, which is a big store on Vine Street near Sunset. It stays open 24 hours a day and is full of all sorts of fascinating Hollywood characters, showgirls in toreador pants, musicians with hangovers, songwriters who need shaves, unemployed actors very neatly dressed, blowsy landladies who used to be actresses themselves, studio workers who put the biggest loads in their grocery carts because they're on steady salary, and even hungry writers.

I went in to buy some pumpernickel bread and a quart of milk and some dry cereal, not that I'm a vegetarian but carbohydrates are cheaper than proteins and how often can a writer buy steak. (A rhetorical question.) Just before you get to the turnstiles that let you in the grocery part of the store there is a big magazine rack. In the rack were all kinds of magazines, a lot of comics with kids sitting on the floor reading them, and one stack was *New Republics* of a fairly recent date.

I browsed through the pages and when I got to the back page where the letters to the editor are printed I got a surprise. The first letter was about me and something I wrote. The writer of the letter was angry. He was criticizing a type of person he called a damphool and he said there was no damphool like an educated damphool.

What had made him angry was something I had written to you last summer about J. Robert Oppenheimer. Apparently he thinks I am educated as well as foolish. He may be right on both scores but he was wrong in his attitude about Oppenheimer.

I don't remember the letter-writer's name and can't conveniently check because I didn't buy the magazine, preferring at the moment to invest in pumpernickel, but I recall that his address was some little town in Mexico which probably explains why he was getting all excited now about something I wrote months ago. The mail is probably slow.

This fellow living down in this little town in Mexico is worried about Russia. He thinks J. Robert Oppenheimer ought to be doing a better job of defending him personally against the wild red Russians. I had written that the world would be better off if the atomic scientist forgot all about his unsympathetic treatment at the hands of the power politicians and devoted his great talents to peaceful pursuits, making this a world where there was more pumpernickel bread and more magazines in the newsstand racks and more two-bit pieces for writers to jingle in their pockets.

I still think I was right. The objector didn't point out where I was wrong but only called me names.

Too many people are kicking Oppenheimer around in print. I want to say that I admire him tremendously.

I met him once a couple of years ago and got the impression that he was a superior human being, a rare soul if that doesn't sound too sloppy. He was dressed in a brown tweed suit, rather rumpled. He had on a white shirt and a stringy sort of necktie that looked like he had tied it mechanically while he was reading a book or adding up a column of figures or doing something else besides looking in a mirror. His hair was short and uncared for, as if he combed it by running his fingers through it.

But when he stood up before a gang of writers and talked to us, he held us spellbound. His mental processes and the play of emotions across his face was something to watch. His remarks were off the record and I don't remember much of them anyway but what I remember is the impact of the man's personality and his troubled sad smile.

Afterwards several of us cornered him and talked with him. If my memory is right he smoked a pipe then and I think he put a porkpie hat on his head as he escaped from us, but maybe I just remember that from the newsreels.

One thing I'm sure of. Oppenheimer is no enemy of the people.

He's not double-crossing that irritated guy down in Mexico or anybody else. He means well.

As for the A-bomb and the H-bomb, that whole business is a colossal mistake and I'm just as pleased that he is off the project. With his ability and without the militarists pushing him around, maybe he'll turn out something really good.

RIDGELY CUMMINGS

Hollywood, California

Coming

New Republic's

40th Anniversary Issue

November 22

"Moscow and Emporia"

by William Allen White

► Man's Best Friend and Mr. Wilson

SIRS:

By coincidence, I am an owner of Mr. Wilson's two favorite kinds of dogs—a bird dog and a hunting dog. Perhaps, therefore, I should be flattered that my dog tastes are shared by so important a public figure.

On the contrary, I think that if the Secretary of Defense knows no more about defense than he does about dogs, the security of our country is gravely imperiled. Only rarely will bird dogs *eat* what they retrieve in the fields; nor do hunting dogs employ themselves with devouring that which is being hunted. The whole point is for them *not* to: unless, of course, they are savage. And if that's what Mr. Wilson likes in dogs, he's welcome to them.

In our case, it has taken almost a year to train our bird dog and our hunting dog so that they are fit to live with. Painful as it was, for us and them, we have finally educated them *out* of being so highly enterprising that they foraged for their dinners among our shoes, garbage pails, bottoms of chairs, upholstery, etc. Now, thank the Lord, when they're hungry they sit on their haunches and *yelp*. And we feed them.

It's a blessing dogs can't read newspapers, for Mr. Wilson's remarks are highly subversive of canine content.

ALFRED LANSDALE

Washington, D. C.

► The Critic and the Popularizer

SIRS:

Irving Howe is justifiably angry after after reading Robert Coughlan's *The Private World of William Faulkner* (reviewed in *NR*, October 11, 1954) and the reason is obvious: Coughlan is a popularizer in the field of literary criticism and Howe is an original critic. In

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other words, writers like Coughlan borrow critical material from the original sources, do some research into the author's life, throw in a little dirt (in this case, Faulkner's heavy drinking), put it all together in their slick-magazine fashion and then have it published.

This depressing situation, popularizers vs. original critics extends into all phases of the arts: in the field of music criticism, original spade work has been done by Alfred Einstein and Max Graf, whose works sell in small numbers; then the popularizers like Deems Taylor and David Ewen mix up the same batter and their books sell in the thousands. Some original discoverers of Van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec do their pioneer criticism and then the writer of books like *Moulin Rouge* and *Lust for Life* reap the profits.

Last year I picked up Coughlan's popularized life of Utrillo on the 19c remainder counter of a Pittsburgh book shop, and by next year I shall probably find his Faulkner book on the same shelf. Funny thing, I have never found the books of Irving Howe, Malcolm Cowley or Edmund Wilson on the remainder counter: their books are on the shelf reserve for the "standards."

RICHARD FETTERS
McKeesport, Pennsylvania

► Political Rationalizations

SIRS:

Many thanks for publishing Mrs. Blank's letter concerning Alvin Johnson's "rationalization for liberal support of Eisenhower." And, for Dr. Johnson's reply. This is typical of the stimulating correspondence of your magazine; please don't let it ever descend to the "I-like-your-magazine" level.

As to Dr. Johnson, why did he assume "one Republican or another would be elected"? There were, of course, many reasons for thinking so, but no reason on earth for one who really believes in liberalism, to run up the white flag without a fight. To make matters worse, Dr. Johnson took his stand "while under no illusions as to Eisenhower's domestic policy." Why was this so unimportant to Dr. Johnson? And had he heard nothing of Mr. Stevenson's accomplishments in this field? So "we are a rich nation and can stand a considerable amount of looting." Isn't *that* a beautiful sentiment? How cynical can you get? How shallow can you get, to think 42 (?) years in the army is the best qualification any presidential candidate has to offer?

JOHN G. KNECHT
Northbrook, Pennsylvania

► Geographical Error

SIRS:

In the issue of September 13, page 3, column 1, you state that the Army Engineers chose Fulton, Missouri, as the best site for a plant to produce additional power for customers in Memphis, Tenn. In the issue of October 11, page 5, of the Supplement, column 1, you repeat this assertion. In both places you say that Fulton, Mo., is across the river from West Memphis, Ark.

Of course you mean Fulton, Tenn. Fulton, Mo., is nowhere near West Memphis. Look at a map.

WINTHROP H. HOPKINS
Jamaica, New York

► Pardon My Southern Accent

SIRS:

In Bruce Bliven's review of *American Ways of Life* (*NR*, September 27), he says, "we pronounce 'bath' as the Elizabethans did it." How does he know how the Elizabethans pronounced words?

Then he says "the English pronounce it bahth." Here we are on firmer ground. The *southern* English, the Londoners especially (I am a Londoner) so pronounce it. But the majority of English, the Welsh and the Scotch, say bath, just as he does.

When I first went to sea I took a train to Newcastle. I was dirty after the all-night train trip and I stopped a chap in the street and asked, where were the public bahths. He did not understand my accent. Then, when I repeated it, "O-oh ye mean the *baths*" a short, very flat A. As in Cardiff and in Liverpool and for that matter in Yorkshire especially the flat A is prevalent. I know every part of England. I have walked on foot from Glasgow to London, and I know what I am talking about.

WILLIAM MCFEE
Roxbury, Connecticut.

► Eisenhower and Congress

SIRS:

Ike says "give me a Republican Congress and I will carry out my program."

I think Ike did very well with the present Congress. If Ike gets any more help, there won't be anything more to carry out.

DEWEY BROOKS
Van Buren, Missouri

BANDWAGON

President Eisenhower dedicated the huge McNary Dam on the Columbia River near Umatilla, Ore., today. . . .

Following the dam speech, he flew to Los Angeles for a speech in Hollywood Bowl.—*San Francisco Chronicle,* September 24, 1954.

McCarthyism, said the Chinese Communist broadcast, has attacked "not only the Communists, but upright, conscientious and peace-loving Americans as well."—*Memphis Press Scimitar,* September 1, 1954.

Harold M. Harter, secretary of the National Exchange Club . . . said:

"We have no rules about race in our constitution. Each local club can invite whomever it pleases—but they must be white men."—*Modesto (Calif.) Bee,* July 30, 1954.

Dr. W. T. James, University of Georgia psychologist, told the American Institute of Biological Sciences meeting in Gainesville, Fla., in the canine society there are no social climbers, back-slappers or glad-handers, but many social leaders. . . .

"One aspect of canine society is strangely reminiscent of man's lust for power," he added. "The more power a dog has, the more he wants. Among the upper class there are frequent conflicts to determine which dog is boss, and in the middle class many a minor skirmish for a secondary position. But at the bottom of the ladder there are no conflicts at all."—*Science News Letter,* September 18, 1954.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.—THE EDITORS.

Nasal Congestion Associated With Head Colds May Cause Symptoms Of

SINUS

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